

# The Messenger.

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TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1897.

## BILLY WILSON'S LETTER TO HARPER.

While a portion of the Virginia press had but little or nothing in criticism of Billy Wilson's letter to Harper's Weekly and his gratuitous, ill-bred, untrue, insolent fling at Virginia, and the south some of the newspapers handled him with unglorified hands. The able Norfolk Pilot was faithful here as in other things and gave the West Virginian slanderer of better people a proper castigation. In a recent issue of the Richmond State Captain B. M. Parham administered a rebuke to that pretentious, but ignorant scholar, (see Colonel Waddell's recent comment in The Messenger upon his opening sentence in his Chapel Hill speech) and he deserves no forbearance or consideration at the hands of any fairly educated, self-respecting southern born man. Never was there so mal-apropos, so indecent, so insulting a criticism ever made upon any public man as that of Billy Wilson, when all the circumstances are considered. Just elected president of a Virginia university, he improves the opportunity to insult and malign the Virginians, and through them the south. If he were really a gentleman he would never have thought for a moment of indulging the strain he did in tickling Harper's Weekly and through it Yankeeboodism. Writing to that old, fierce, implacable enemy of the south, this Mr. Billy Wilson said "that captivated by this laudable ambition, he was induced to accept the presidency of the university with the hope of being able to rescue us from our present distressing condition and to establish among us an institution of sound learning and sound citizenship and to make it a power to reproduce in the south some of that high thinking which made her leadership in past generations so conservative and yet national."

"I am sure that the seed has not run out, but it needs strong and wholesome culture."

Take it in please, Billy had just been most undeservedly honored with an election as president of Washington and Lee university, succeeding General Lee, son of the great leader, who had succeeded the illustrious General Robert E. Lee. And yet he writes the above poor stuff to the chiefest enemy in the north—the paper that had lampooned and caricatured with its vile cartoons the south weekly and from year to year. Mr. Parham in his comment says well:

"He does not tell us the period of these past generations in which those great leaders flourished, and in which was gathered such an abundant harvest of sound learning and sound citizenship. \* \* \* We have been cherishing the fond belief that this generation had been the golden era for Washington and Lee; that it had acquired fresh vigor and energy and like a strong man to run a race, had taken on new life, and was accomplishing a great and beneficent work for this state and for the whole country."

We had likewise thought that the southern states during this same period had given indubitable and unmistakable evidences of their capacity and power; that their evidences in times of peace had been no less illustrious than those of war."

In ridicule of Billy's great pretensions flourish of what he proposed doing. Mr. Parham suggests that this mighty Goliath of Gas (our naming) shall "be appointed sole dictator of the university, and Harper's Weekly be adopted as the only text book."

In nearly forty years of editing and with large opportunities for acquaintance with public men and scholars extending through more than half a century, we do not recall any such unmanly display, such intense egotism, such inflated vanity, such superlative pretension, such an indecency of personal display as marks this letter of Billy's to the Harper Scorpion. "Here's a large mouth indeed," who talks so glibly of what he will do while deriding and insulting the very people who so unfortunately crowned him. He indeed the great reformer and leader who will revive true learning in the ignorant, unlettered south! He reminds us of Shakespeare's fellow of "lusty blood" who spoke so bravely and "gave the bastinado with his tongue." He will bless with his mighty presence the stupid, groveling Virginians, and bring back to them education and civilization? This great man of the mountain—this Billy the Wise—who is a

"Miracle of learning, To point out faults and show his own discerning,"

will throw a halo of renown over poor, benighted Virginia so sterile in great men, so low in education, so inferior to the Harper Scorpion section. Out upon the humbug!

When the scalp is atrophied or shiny-bald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

## NO REMEDY FOR RULE AND RUIN

While it is altogether improbable that any political party shall make the reduction of the enormous and most unreasonable pension robbery a campaign issue, that does not make it unnecessary for the reduction to take place. The way the pensions are multiplied by the republican party makes their continuance a blot and a burden. The war ended, except in the newspapers, thirty-two years ago. Today there are nearly 1,000,000 pensioners, and the aggregate sum paid annually is \$146,000,000, which is nearly five times more than either President Grant or President Garfield favored. Great is the sum, and burdensome as it is upon the people at large it will continue, and because the north so wills. The cost of our navy, army and pensions is equal to the entire expenditures annually of Russia and Germany for their huge armies and navies. Think of that. In 1897, a model (?) republic of 71,000,000 people, is paying for the war business as much as the two great war powers of Europe pay jointly for their huge armament. But it must go on indefinitely for lack of courage, honesty, sense. A helpless minority cannot stop the flood of expenditures. The democrats are not yet awake to the enormity of the tax and are not united for real reform and retrenchment. The Columbia (S. C.) State says of the detestable pension outrage that it is "instituted at a time when the democratic party was not only in a helpless minority in congress, but was actually under suspicion of too great tenderness for the 'rebels' and 'traitors' of the south."

We look in vain over our exchanges to see any real appreciation of the vast burdens resting upon the tax payers, and to find any active advocacy of a genuine and severe reduction. It is all how to raise more taxes, and not a word about reducing expenditures. If this country were not given over to corruption in all departments—national and state, and municipal—there would be a rising up of the people for cutting down at every turn. We verily believe that if the American government was strictly fair and honest in all departments that the extreme expenditure for one year would be \$300,000,000. Instead it is \$525,000,000, and with an upward tendency.

In the four years of President Buchanan's democratic administration the entire expenditures did not exceed the sum indicated—\$300,000,000. Think of that. For four years honest democratic economists carried on efficiently the government at a cost but little more than half what it costs for one year now. It is most shameful, most oppressive, most ruinous. Honesty is just what is lacking.

Our Columbia contemporary is exactly correct in this:

"Since that time the two parties have vied with each other in declarations of their love for the soldiers and sailors of the union and have hesitated not to accede to every demand of the bums and lobbyists who have constituted the leadership of the Grand Army of the Republic. The robbery has proceeded with scarcely a single remonstrance. Southern members, realizing the futility of objection, have held their peace rather than place their people in a false position and give a pretext for the waving of the bloody shirt. The raid on the treasury has thus continued till the country has become unconscious of its extent and of the infamous robbery involved."

There is no remedy. There is no turn in the very long lane. Extravagance, incompetency, dishonesty, untrustworthiness rule the day and ruin the land.

A healthy appetite, with perfect digestion and assimilation, may be secured by the use of Ayer's Pills. They cleanse and strengthen the whole alimentary canal and remove all obstructions to the natural functions of either sex, without any unpleasant effects.

## SUGGESTED BY THE URBANA TRAGEDY.

The country is safe. When as blatant and severe a paper as The New York Evening Post comes around enough to deal in moderation with the south as to anything, and particularly as to negro lynchings, it looks as if the political millennium was just ahead when peace and good will would flourish for once in this land of the spoils-men and the party boss. In considering the lynching of the salacious negro brute at Urbana, Ohio, McKinley's own state, and Mark Hanna's too, The Evening Post says:

"It is easy for a fair-minded person to understand the wave of passion which sweeps over the whites of a southern community when an atrocious outrage is committed by a black man; and one does not wonder that the whites, who are often in a minority of the population, should feel that a terrible lesson is needed to prevent the repetition of the crime. But such considerations do not apply to Urbana or the county in which it is located. The region is just west of the centre of Ohio, and of the 26,580 people only 1,311 are negroes. In many parts of the south justice has not been well administered in the courts, and through de-

lays and technicalities offenders have so often escaped punishment that the people feel as though they must take the law into their own hands to assure a prompt and just penalty."

The constant occurrence of such infernal outrages are not only a perpetual irritant, but they arouse all that is fierce and resolute in men—that their wives and daughters and mothers shall be sacred in their persons. If the north had 7,000,000 of blacks and rapes were as frequent there as in the south there would be as many hangings by mobs and as many repetitions of the Urbana tragedy as could ever happen in the south. The courts cannot protect the homes, and the instinct of the people is against putting in witness stands pure and good women to testify of their own outraging and in open court under the examination by lawyers employed to save the scoundrel's neck. However wrong mob law may be in the sight of heaven and in the estimation of men, (especially those who set far away in their offices, their families protected, and indite moral essays and flaming denunciations against hanging while not saying a word about the damning crime committed by the rapist) the lynchings will never cease so long as the dastardly, devilish crimes are committed. Let the crimes cease and with it the penalty will cease. The news comes of two other lynchings, both in the south. The black villain who dares to assault a white woman of character knows that he takes the risk of being killed if discovered. He commits his crime deliberately, and he will inevitably pay the extreme penalty if caught.

## HOME FOLKS.

The summer school of law of the university of North Carolina opens 1st of July and closes on 2nd September. The teachers are Dr. John Manning and ex-Chief Justice James E. Shepherd. They are among the ablest and most learned lawyers of the state now living.

A coincidence. Reading a letter a few days ago from Rev. T. N. Ivey, one of the editors of The Greensboro Christian Advocate, a young minister of fine preaching talents, who gives good promise for distinction in his new place as editor of an important religious weekly, we had this thought—"Is it not about time that he should be doctored?" The Messenger of yesterday announced that the D. D. lightning had struck him at Trinity college. President Peacock, of the same town, and the really able and well equipped president of the noble Methodist college at Greensboro, the oldest incorporated female college in all southland, was also honored, receiving the degree of LL. D. We doubt not that both gentlemen will wear their honors worthily. Dr. Peacock is a young man of fine native parts and good culture.

A prominent lawyer and distinguished speaker living west of Raleigh and not yet perhaps in middle age, in a letter of the 7th to us, expressed himself in sympathy with what The Messenger has been saying in behalf of North Carolina and the south. He says he "is sick and tired of all this deprecatory talk about our old state, and intends to rebuke it when occasion offers." And so will all manly men who have any patriotism in their souls. He refers "to those promising but iconoclastic young gentlemen who have just come upon the stage themselves, cannot believe that there was anything good in North Carolina before their arrival." Very good indeed. Until their advent the old state was still in oblivion, the same old Rip Van Winkle of the "wittlings" who defamed her," as the great and noble Judge William Gaston wrote more than fifty years since.

The railroads are so consumed with lust for office they seek everything—scramble for places even when there is no pie counter connected with them. Now it is the Agricultural college that is disturbed. The tsar wants one of his tribe for president. It is known unto all men of sense that President Holliday has made a first rate superintendent and teacher—efficient, faithful, capable, courteous, true. He must be turned out at the tsar's imperial bidding to make way for one of his hungry friends. Turn out the tried, qualified professors and put in Ed. Butler, a crank who is not up-to-date. Every act of the Russell gang is only piling up wrath against the day of wrath. Let the people get one more swipe at that vicious, incapable combination and they will send the whole set to the limbo of forgetfulness and dishonor. And somebody, hungry too, wants to be state chemist. All this brings up the time—thirty years ago—when the northern bummers and barbarians and carpet-baggers came down upon North Carolina "like a wolf on the fold" and devoured and destroyed until all "the pickings" were "clean gone." Their descendants, after thirty years, seem to be of the same color and type—"chips of the old block."

The many summer school commencements—it ought to be written endings—have been held. They were well attended, were greatly enjoyed, many young men and young women acquitted themselves not only handsomely but with much distinction. They are the future rulers of our land. The schools of the state flourish unwontedly, and the best reports come from them. Never before perhaps was there so many addresses and sermons delivered on such occasions; never before in the history of the state were there so many really successful efforts made—some rising into dignified and commanding oratory. Some of the addresses were

unusually bright and engaging. The address that has been most read, most talked about, most overhauled is Mr. Walter H. Page's, who seems to have been Germanized as to the Bible and Yankeeized as to North Carolina and the south. He is evidently a disciple of Trent. Altogether the literary entertainments of the season, we infer from high-wrought reports and flamboyant descriptions, have been of unusual zest, variety and cleverness. May the orators improve, and the graduates find "good places" in which to work out their destinies, and without fleeing from North Carolina. Stand by the dear old mother.

With the blood full of hurgors, the heated term is all the more oppressive. Give the system a thorough cleansing with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and a dose or two of Ayer's Pills, and you will enjoy Summer as never before in your life. Just try this for once, and you'll not repent it.

## SNAPS.

The peaceful, model town Urbana is in a strong republican district. What it is to have a lustful negro assaulting a pure and unprotected white woman has been brought right to their door.

The long promised prosperity is badly belated, but the puffers and prophets say it is coming if he hobbles as yet on crutches. Dun's Review would have the country believe that it had already come to town with music and a band wagon.

Dun is all sunshine. It believes that the present conditions foreshadow a great business revival. Bradstreet is more guarded. It is content to say that there is encouragement at the outlook for fall business. It is always ahead you see.

They have a new name for a class of republican members of the house—"cloak room backbone." They are prodigiously weak when under the eye of Tsar Reed, but wax strong and defiant when they warm each other in the "cloakroom."

A recent battle is reported between Spaniards and patriots with a defeat for the murderers. More cruel murders by the bloody Spaniards reported. Two boys were hacked to pieces by brutal guerrillas, but they died bravely with viva Cuba libre on their lips.

It is rigid retrenchment, earnest economy, resolute reduction in public expenditures that are needed. But in the congress you only hear how can we best keep up the wild extravagance, continue the billion-dollar business in making way with the people's money.

The Charleston Sun is no more. The Critic is its successor. It announces that "a vigorous, aggressive, independent policy and new and improved methods and features will be the aims of The Charleston Critic." Mr. James H. Moore is the editor. The Messenger wishes it great success.

General Butterworth, of the northern army of invasion, delivered a speech in Philadelphia recently. He said that the republic was imperilled—that greater danger now confronts the nation than when Sumter was first fired upon. And that is what ten thousand supporters of Bryan in 1896, believed and said.

Extreme northern papers would rather have the sugar trust to rob the people of \$10,000,000 annually than to have the senatorial speculators exposed or the trust scoundrels punished or disappointed if it is through the instrumentality of Senator Tillman. The northern papers are very unfair and insulting. They denounced the great Senator Morgan for his opposition to the Cuba in terms the most truculent and savage.

## Our I's and....

### ....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

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## SUMMER SALES and LOW PRICES

Business has been more than good with me this season, and now the long hot days have come. I do not intend to let business get dull. Push and low prices on honest goods make business and, more than that, I am offering to give each customer a card that calls for furniture free. When you purchase \$5.00 I will give you a nice set of Silver Plated Teaspoons. When you trade \$10.00 I will give you a nice set of Silver Plated Table Knives and Forks or have your portrait taken life size free. When you trade \$15.00 I will give you a nice Oak Center Table. When you trade \$25.00 I will give you a Fine Center Table, a nice Oak Rocking Arm Chair or a Three Shelf Book Case. With a \$40.00 purchase I will give a very handsome Brass Trimmed Writing Desk or a Fine Four Shelf Enclosed-Back Oak Book Case; and with these presents I will also give you the lowest prices you ever had. I will for the next ten days sell for cash fine Porcelains, worth 10c. for 7c. a yard; splendid Lawn, worth 5c. for 3c.; Blue and Pink Chamber at 3c.; Shirt Waist Calico at 4c.; The best one yard wide Bleaching you ever saw, for 5c. regular 6c. dressing goods. Dress Lawns, beautiful styles, at 5c.; fine Dimities at 9, 10, 12c.; 25c. Men's fine Alpaca Hats, all grades from 40c. to \$2.00; fine Derbyes, from 50c. to \$2.00; the broad brim planters' fine Felt Hats for \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50; makes a very desirable hat for the sun. Straw Hats at every price. Men's and boys' caps, beautiful line in Babies' and Children's Hats and Caps of all kinds—Duck, Tam, O'Shanter and Duck Hats from 10c.

Men's Hats and Boys' Hats, I am prepared to fit and suit the best trade. Beautiful Boys' fine Black Hats at 25c. Men's fine Alpaca Hats, all grades from 40c. to \$2.00; fine Derbyes, from 50c. to \$2.00; the broad brim planters' fine Felt Hats for \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50; makes a very desirable hat for the sun. Straw Hats at every price. Men's and boys' caps, beautiful line in Babies' and Children's Hats and Caps of all kinds—Duck, Tam, O'Shanter and Duck Hats from 10c.

Straw Hats—pretty styles, from 15c. to 40c. and 50c. We want to supply you the goods you need and if you will join in and become one of our customers you will get only good things at low prices.

Just received and beautiful line of narrow valencienne lace at bottom price, at 19, 25, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and 90c. per dozen yards, or 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10c. per yard. If you need lace see ours before you buy elsewhere.

Trunks.

We have just received a car load of trunks direct from the factory, and can sell you a nice trunk cheap. All sizes of packers to put away winter clothing and bed clothing. From 25c. to \$1.50 each; zinc covered with tray and bonnet box at \$1.10; 26 inches long, large and better, up to \$1.35 and up to \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 each. We have the right prices and the new and desirable trunks.

We sell clothing, shoes, dress goods, all grades of underwear, window shades, trunks, matting, oil cloth and domestic goods of all kinds, and in fact, everything that is carried in any large department drygoods store. Be sure and get a furniture card and get a nice piece of fine furniture free of cost to you. I want the cash trade and to get it I will sell the goods low. I have got them and they must go. You will find this hustling drygoods store on Front Street, opposite The Orton Hotel.

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